

THE SWORD INTERVAL

BY BILL FULTON

Professor
Barks.

Mr.
Mr.







Karl
Banks.

Professor of
both biology and
fine arts.



I did do my
reading on the flood victims.
Figure with your tools, your
research, all this talk of
canvases...

Yeah.
You must be
the professor.

The flood.
washed away all
of the grime... all of
the **FILTH** that
was Karl Banks.



I am
the Visage
now.

Yeah sure,
hide behind a
mask and blame
your undeath.





HE WAS
ONLY DOING HIS
DUTY!



I DON'T BELIEVE
THAT!

KRAK



Believe it...



BELIEVE IT
BELIEVE IT
BELIEVE IT!!!



They
murdered
her.

They
murdered her
right in front
of me.





She was
only eight.



HFF... hff...
hff...

huhWho?

Sarah.

Tell me
whh... What
happened.



You .. you
want me to
believe you,
asshole?

НННННН...
НННННН...

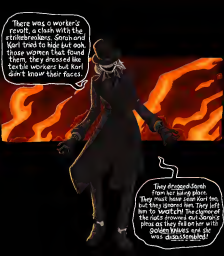


Tell me what
happened!





Karl Berhowitz... was
a textile factory worker.
He was. Seven years old.
Sarah was eight. Hah. They
made pretend they would get
married and leave that
awful place.

A woman with blonde hair, wearing a black dress and a black hat, is running through a field of large, bright orange and yellow flames. She is looking back over her shoulder with a determined expression. The background is a solid black color.

There was a worker's revolt, a clash with the strikebreakers. Sarah and Karl tried to hide but ooh, those women that found them, they dressed like textile workers but Karl didn't know their faces.

They dropped Sarah from her hiding place. They must have seen Karl too, but they ignored him. They left him to watch! The clatter of the riots drowned out Sarah's pleas as they fell on her with Golden Knives and she was disassembled!

The background of the image is a vibrant, stylized depiction of a fire. The flames are rendered in shades of orange, yellow, and red, with a wavy, flame-like texture. In the center of the image, there is a dark, irregular speech bubble with a white outline. A thin white line extends from the top of the bubble, curving upwards and to the left, resembling a wisp of smoke. Inside the speech bubble, there is white text.

And then... then
her body erupted in
flames. A conflagration
to consume her killers,
the workers, the
strikebreakers...
everyone but Karl.

If only he
could have burnt
away with her.
But no. He knew.



He knew
Sarah had spared him
for a purpose!